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Review.

AYTON PRIORY; OR, THE RESTORED MONASTERY.

BY THE REV. JOHN NEALE.

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(SECOND NOTICE.)

Continued from page 216.

WE have commended this tale to the perusal of our readers, not so much for intricacy and excellence of plot, or peculiar beauty of the characters who figure in it, as for the right Catholic feeling pervading the entire book, and the many passages in which it abounds full of respect and homage to institutions and services existing in our church, and which passages, of course, are the more pleasing in one sense, because they are written by one separated from us, and whose testimony cannot be liable to exception. Every one who reads the works and periodicals supposed to be under the influence of the new party of the Anglican church, must be struck by the expression of wishes uttered on every occasion in them, that monasteries and nunneries should again cover the land and be united to the Establishment; but every one must also observe, that when the manner in which these wishes are to be realized comes into consideration, the vaguest ideas, and not a little alarm and distraction, possess the minds of the writers. Some content themselves with praising monasteries as the great means of correcting the social miseries of the poor in manufacturing towns; some approve, but dread the jealousy of parochial clergy; or if some reverend gentlemen express willingness to see religious men in community reside in their parishes, then come the questions whether it be advisable to have the bishop's sanction or not, or what ought to be the exact character of the promises or vows associating these recluses together. Indeed there is a sad difference between the principles plainly and strongly avowed respecting the importance or necessity of reviving religious houses, and the conclusions into which such principles are allowed to dwindle. The author of Ayton Priory declares in his first page that "his tale is intended to set forth the advantages and all but necessity of the re-introduction of monasteries, as to suggest certain practical details connected with their establishment and subsequent work." He then introduces us to his friends, expatiates on the good effected by an amiable clergyman of the right principles, gives a history of the building of a dissenting chapel, and justly and eloquently extols the influence of such houses as St. Alban's, Reading, and Glastonbury, on their neighbourhoods, and on the nation in general; but very few pages are devoted to the consideration of the promises to be made by the inmates of the new convent; and after all, it must be avowed, that the conclusion of the tale is like that of Rasselas, "in which nothing is concluded;" for instead of finding here how novices were received, what course of discipline they underwent, what rule they did actually adopt, in what manner they spent their time among the poor, &c. &c., the following lines with a full complement of asterisks really finish the book:

> "Now, Sir," said the bishop, "I am prepared to go into the subject of the re-establishment of monasteries, and to give you my opinion with respect to your design for the restoration of AYTON PRIORY."
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But neither against the author of this book nor any who share his opinions of the advisableness of restoring monasteries, is it our purpose to utter reproach or reproof. They are men inspired with many graces from heaven; they have outgrown the system which the destructives of the sixteenth century in their blind hatred of the old church thought quite sufficient for the most holy souls, and they feel themselves cramped and forced to crawl in the small space enough indeed left by their fathers for the exercise of the Christian spirit. Protestant monasteries indeed! Houses in which the seraphic ardour of a St. Francis, the self-denial of a St. Romuald, the knowledge of conscience possessed by a St. Bernard—houses resting upon and receiving light, heat, and strength through a Protestant church, a church modelled by its founders expressly amongst other purposes to exclude eremite and monk! The notion is absurd, and we might as well expect that the fruits and flowers collected in our green and hot-houses should flourish when exposed to the variations of our wintry climate, as for these good, well-disposed, but mistaken men to hope that any permanent conventual establishment can exist in this country dependent on Protestant principles alone. Many of our separated brethren have wished to restore such asylums of piety and charity during the last three centuries; but can the names of one or two be given which have been

raised with the smallest part of the success attending such works in the Catholic church, or which have been kept together even for two generations?

Rejecting, then, altogether, as a fond delusion, the possibility of the Anglican church, in its present state, possessing conventual establishments for any permanence, and, of course, considering the purpose of this book to be useless to Protestants, we may still find many pages which must raise the author in our esteem, and which must give us great pleasure to read. Right feeling and christian sense dictated the following lines on the benefit of daily service in the church, and the answer to the objection in regard to the supposed sameness of such service:

"I sincerely hope I may never have the trial of being separated from the daily public prayers. I am sure, if I were, I should find solace in thinking that hundreds of my brethren, whose names and habitations I know not, and should never know, were, many of them in the same hour, and in the same words, coming into the presence of their God and mine. I can conceive hardly any thing more realizing the Communion of Saints than such an union."

"Well," said the other, "the *monotony* is an objection which I for one could never get over."

"On the contrary," replied George, "that very sameness is no bad type of the character of that Church which is immutable in the immutability of her word. Here it meets you with the same aspect, however different may be your own feelings; it stands out above human feelings, stamped with something of the changelessness of another world. Your heart may be broken with sorrow, or overflowing with joy: but the promises which the Church sets before you vary not; and therein is their great consolation. She seems to make her sons feel that their light affliction, or transient joy, are nothing with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Might you choose, in a time of sadness, or the contrary, such passages as seemed to you most applicable, what were this but to invest religious duties with something of the littleness of passing events? As it is, the Church seems to reiterate, morning and evening, 'But this I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, therefore, that they that weep be as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not.'"

"But," said Sir John, "you must not forget one chief argument, if an express injunction of the Church needed arguments in favour of the Daily Service; I mean the inestimable blessing of the daily intercession thus made for our country at the throne of God. What ideas must the members of other churches form of us, when they find this system of supplication, expressly commanded both by the scripture, and practised by almost all the Church Catholic, neglected? And who can tell, were every village church throughout the kingdom to pour forth morning and evening its intercessions, what would be the effect of prayer in bringing down a blessing on our land? We hear of public meetings convened to consider the causes of the existing distress of the country—the subject is brought forward in the houses of parliament—all kinds of remedies, possible and impossible, are proposed: but the great remedy, prayer, would find very little credit in the eyes of modern politicians. Yet, granting its efficacy—and what christian will deny it? how can it rise so unanimously, so constantly, and, therefore, so acceptably to God, as by this method? What evil is there, to which either nations or individuals are subject, that is not deprecated in our services? What good that they can need that is not sought? If prayer is heard above, what (for aught we can tell) might be the visible effect on national prosperity, of the morning and evening sacrifice from twelve thousand temples at once?"

"You say very truly," said Charles Abberley: "however, let us not forget that the great reason for the Daily Service is not the blessing which it would prove to the nation, nor the advantage it brings to ourselves, but its being the particular and express command of the church."

From the following passages we can collect some of Mr. Neale's reasons for wishing to see monasteries restored:

"In the first place," replied Sir John, "a system of such very great antiquity, and attested by the universal voice of the church, must, arguing *à priori*, be good. Excepting in our own and daughter churches, with perhaps the Indian, I do not think any other is without monasteries. In those churches which are in communion with Rome, every one knows they are most numerous; but not less so in the various members of the Eastern church. Russia, for example, abounds with them; so does the patriarchate of Constantinople; so do those of Alexandria and Jerusalem. Now when we see other branches of the church supplied with a set of religious houses set apart for the peculiar service of God, we cannot but feel it an undesirable peculiarity that we alone should have none such."

"But," said Col. Abberley, "the vast numbers of men thus immured from the world might surely better have employed their time, and talents, and energies, in some way which might have rendered the most essential service to the church, than, by a course of life useless to others, have striven after a fancied purity elsewhere unattainable."

"You do not look at religious houses, I think, in the proper light. We may look at them in four distinct points of view; and in each they present advantages unattainable by any other system. In the first place, we may consider them as establishments for the propagation of the truth in parts of the country where from physical or moral circumstances the parochial system is not sufficient. How many tracts of land, for instance, are there, where five or six cottages are scattered here and there on some vast and savage common, nominally belonging to a parish of which the church is three or four miles off! Sometimes a cottage will be found a mile or two from any other habitation; and the poor inhabitants, in these cases, except that they have probably been baptised, and will probably be buried in their parish church, have no other connexion with it. Much of Cornwall is in this condition. Now, in cases like these, of what inestimable benefit would a stationary body of Priests, and deacons, and laymen qualified to act as readers, be found! The distant hovels, to visit one of which would occupy the parish Priest the best part of the day, when perhaps he has already more labour than any single man can perform, would be known and carefully visited from the monastery. They would, in health, be warned to an attendance on the church's ordinances, and in sickness, receive her last consolations: as it is, they receive, too often, neither one nor the other."

"Again you are to remember, that not only would the church be enabled to erect and endow temples which should even overtake the increase of population, and to supply ministers to meet their necessities: this is not all. She would at once come forward as the instructor of the nation; boards of education would be no longer needed; training schools would at once be provided. There is not an art in which she is concerned, that she would not be able to teach, and the high and low would

equally take their first lessons from her lips. Then the poor, instead of the negligent or brutal attendance of some miserably paid parish doctor, would be under the skilful care of the infirmarer and his brethren: the sick-bed would be made softer by their kindness, and the mind of the sufferer be naturally drawn by earthly to heavenly things. None would be left to the tender mercies of the relieving officer: the needy would find food by applying at the abbey gate. The union system, accursed of GOD, and intolerable to man, would vanish like a dream; in short, the church would, wherever we turned, present the same aspect, that of the great benefactor to man's soul and body. Hospitality, a virtue now almost forgotten, (for whoever entertains strangers as in the olden time)? would revive: and here again, it would be the church which practised the virtue it preached.

"Another argument would be that arising from a consideration of the benefits of intercession. Much of this is, I allow, applicable to the daily service as we actually have it: much more was applicable to it when the hours were said six times, instead of twice, daily. But the beautiful system of nightly prayer, that can only find place in a monastic establishment. The church then, not content with supplicating the blessing of God on her children at all hours of the day, sends up her petitions for them at a time when they are more peculiarly exposed to danger, and when they are unconscious of the safeguard of her prayers. And the fourth reason I should dwell on, is the asylum which such places afford to those who have no other home. The daughters, for example, of clergymen, who, when left orphans, must seek their livelihood by going out as governesses, or by some lower way of earning their bread; would they not bless GOD if they could have so holy and so comforting a habitation to which they might fly? There, in different ways, they might effectually serve Him; there, they would daily be consoled by the voice of the church; there they might weekly, and why not oftener? receive the holy communion; instead of being tossed and buffeted about in this world; perhaps, without a home that they can call their own; exposed to all manner of hardships; without friends to cheer or comfort—and all this, not for some high and holy end, but to procure bare subsistence and shelter. So the aged, whose manhood had been taken up in the necessary pursuits of this world; but who had now outlived or settled their families, might they not well be thankful for a place where they might retire, before they died, from the noise and confusion of this world, and prepare themselves for their entrance on the next by deeper penitence, more uninterrupted prayer, and closer communion with GOD? Again: periodical retirement to such a house might be most salutary for one deeply engaged in business: an Advent or Lent so passed would be, as it were, a breathing time for the soul, an untwining the close poisonous embrace of weekly affairs; a strict lesson in setting the affections on things above. This is often practised in foreign churches; why should it not be in our own?"

As the *New Doctrines*, as they are asserted to be, spread in the neighbourhood, it is proposed by some disliking them, that a series of lectures should be given, and a new meeting-house opened. The following is a copy of a circular issued on the occasion:

"The Rev. J. Tomkins proposes to deliver a series of six lectures on the Tractarian Controversy, at the New Connexion Chapel, Monk Teynton; to commence at twelve o'clock on Friday, January 16th, and to be continued every Friday, at the same hour. Tickets to be procured on application (in person or post-paid) of Mr. Tomkins, Teynton; or of Messrs. Paull and Son, Studham. Terms:—for one lecture, 2*s.* 6*d.*; for the whole course, 10*s.* Children half price. The chapel will be warmed.

"ANALYSIS.

"LECTURE 1.

"Introduction—easiness of the subject—difficulties with which it has been surrounded—the Bible and the Bible alone the Religion of Protestants—duty of Private Judgment—example of the Beræans—lamentable spread of Popery—encouraged by the supineness of the Heads of the Establishment.

"LECTURE 2.

"General idea of the Church—false notions entertained on the subject—Bishop Pearson's view—refuted from Scripture—Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity—its feebleness and diffuseness—specimens of its reasoning—Wesley's later opinions—vindicated and supported.

"LECTURE 3.

"Baptismal Regeneration—glaring absurdity of the doctrine—disproved from Scripture and common sense—Doctrine of the Merit of Good Works—confuted by the epistle to the Romans—scope of that Epistle—weak reasonings of Bishop Bull—Justification by Faith alone the end and aim of Scripture.

"LECTURE 4.

"Other heresies of the new school—Transubstantiation—Prayers for the Dead—Belief that the Church of Rome is not the Antichrist of Scripture—Popish building and adorning of Churches.

"LECTURE 5.

"Spread of the Tractarian Doctrines—Oxford—Cambridge—London—Ireland—America—principal works published in defence of them—Triumphant confutation of all by several champions of the Protestant Faith.

"LECTURE 6.

"Wesleyan Methodism—its rise and spread—witness borne to it—sudden conversions and happy deaths of many of its disciples—neither dissent nor schism—its present struggles—its future prospects—recapitulation—conclusion."

The speeches made at the meeting convened to consider the necessity of building a new chapel in the parish, are amusing from the mixture of real or affected zeal, and careful attention to their own interests displayed by some of the orators. We cannot but think that the author makes Mr. Larkins too liberal in his allowance to the future incumbent—much more so than most trustees are found to be in the districts with which we are acquainted.

"Mr. Larkins, an auctioneer of considerable repute, and therefore not at all intimidated by the presence of his auditory, said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—in obedience to the wishes expressed by the last meeting, in company with the gentlemen then named as my colleagues, I proceeded to make inquiries on the subject of the proprietary chapel which we propose to erect. As, however, there are many in the room who were not amongst us on the previous occasion, I shall take the liberty of stating the reasons which, in the opinion of many of the most respectable inhabitants of Studham and its vicinity, render such a step desirable, if not imperative. The experience of the past winter has shown, that while our pre-

sent rector occupies that position, we must not expect to hear within the walls of our church that Gospel to which we have, for so long a time, been accustomed. Of that gentleman, personally speaking, I have not a complaint to make. We are, I presume, all sensible of his attainments; and can only wish that they were directed to a better end, than that of propagating Puseyism. As this, however, is an event rather to be wished for than expected, it becomes us to take the matter into our own hands; and since we cannot hear the truth at the old church, why, we will hear it at the new one (applause). I do not think that we need at present anticipate any difficulties in the procuring of the Bishop's license; and if these should occur, it will then be our duty to consider whether we do not prefer to be guilty of an uncanonical irregularity, than to sin against the first principles of Christianity, by supporting a clergyman who disseminates error. I will, therefore, give you the estimate of the expenses of the proposed building, and the manner in which we think of providing for them. There is an unoccupied piece of ground between Free-school-lane and Adelaide-street, measuring forty-three feet by thirty-eight. This, with galleries, would, in Mr. Stubbing's calculation, give ample room for six hundred. The expense, including the internal fittings, would amount, including the ground, to about £1500, more or less. We propose to make twenty shares of £75 each. We may fairly count on every seat being let, if we only provide ourselves with a truly evangelical preacher. Taking them one with another, they will produce thirty shillings a-year, or £900 on the whole. We should recommend that the salary of the preacher be £500: the expenses of repair, lighting, &c. may probably amount to the sum of £50 annually. This will leave to the trustees an annual revenue of £350; which will bring £17. 10s. to each. I need not point out the advantageous character of this investment: the annual return will be somewhat over twenty-three per cent. We farther propose to insure the security of this interest by a clause in our stipulation with our minister, to the effect, that in case the revenues arising from the chapel should fall below £900, the deficiency should be borne by him and not by us. I believe I have now laid the outline of our scheme before the meeting. I may perhaps add, that some addition to the income of the chapel will in all probability be made, by the occupation of its vaults as wine vaults."

The reverend author of this tale has also published lately two others, the bias of which may be pretty well understood by those who have read the preceding extracts; one of them, *Agnes de Tracey*, we purpose introducing soon to our friends.

THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

A CORRESPONDENT of an American paper, writing from the Brazils, gives the following interesting particulars of the process of tapping the India rubber, or caoutchouc tree, and of manufacturing the gum into shoes and other things:—

"The caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of 40 or 50 feet without branches, then branching, runs up 15 feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots, or bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that, like a cow, when most tapped, they give most milk or sap.

"As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise we were on hand The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay, and a small pick-axe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the soft clay is formed into a cup, and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping perhaps 50 trees, when he returns, and with a jar, passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So by seven o'clock the blacks came in with their jars, ready for working.

"The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey.

"Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished) holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on with a third and fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats. When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely-lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredible short space of time. After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together and slung on poles, ready for the market. There, pedlars and Jews trade for them with the country people; and in lots of a thousand or more they are again sold to the merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export, in which state they are received in the United States. In the same manner, any shape may be manufactured. Thus toys are made over clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c. in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in colour and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests of them exist, and they are frequently cut down for fire-wood. Although the tree exists in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into the United States from these places. The reason I suppose must be the want of that prolificness found in them here.

"The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but generally in the wet seasons they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk being watery, requires more to manufacture the same article than in the dry season."

Fortune grows tired of always carrying the same man on her back.

The flatterer is like that serpent that licks his prey a long time before he swallows it.

Happiness always happens to be placed higher than we ourselves are; the higher one exalts one's self, the more it seems to withdraw from us.

FORCE OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A YOUNG lady was left a widow with an only child, not more than seven years old. Desirous of bringing him up in the love and fear of God, she made it her principal study to ground him well in the knowledge of the catholic faith. To that end, she not only sent him to receive the public instructions that were given on the Christian doctrine, but took great pains herself in expounding to him every day some one of our holy mysteries. She inculcated to him in the most forcible, but affectionate terms, the necessity of being good and devout, if he hoped to go to heaven, there to enjoy the eternal good things which God has promised to his faithful servants; and that he must expect to be sent to that place of torments, prepared for the wicked, if he neglected to observe the divine commandments. Besides these, and similar instructions, the virtuous mother taught him to make acts of faith in the following easy and engaging manner: after expounding and making him repeat the principal mysteries, she would add: "A speculative knowledge in these truths, my son, does not suffice. You must feel determined by the grace of God not to suffer any consideration whatever to wrest from your mind and heart the conviction of these divine truths, which the holy catholic church believes and teaches, since they have all been revealed to her by the infallible authority of God himself." She would then ask him: "Do you believe, my son, every thing to be true which our holy faith teaches?"—"Yes, mother," would he reply, "more firmly than what I see with mine eyes, or feel with my hands."—"But should it happen," continued the mother, "that any learned man were to tell you, that what you believe is all false; that the gods of the Gentiles were true gods, what would you answer him?"—"I would tell him he was under a mistake: that there can but be one only God, the God of the Christians; one only faith, the faith of the Christians; and that whatever the catholic church teaches, is certainly true, as revealed by truth itself."—"But, should he endeavour to laugh you out of your religion, and get others to ridicule your simplicity, what would you do?"—"In silence I would pity him; or, if he compelled me to speak, I would tell him that ridicule was no argument; that the very best things and persons were the frequent objects of ridicule."—"Should he carry his aversion so far as to threaten to punish, or even to kill you, if you would not deny your faith, in that case what would you do?"—"I would tell him, that with the grace of God I would sooner suffer any torments, and death itself, than prove myself an apostate."—"But would not his menaces, the apprehension of torments, and the sight of death frighten you?"—"I hope not so much as to make me yield to the tormenter; so convinced am I, that God rewards those who suffer and die for his sake with life and happiness everlasting."—Thus grounded in his religion, the youth as he grew up took delight in conversing with his comrades, and showing them that they are bound to believe the doctrines of the church, as truths revealed by God. The prefect Alcibiades, a great persecutor of the Christians, and an inveterate enemy to the catholic faith, gave orders that this extraordinary youth should be brought before him. He answered the interrogatory with a firmness that would have done credit to persons grown old in religion. He publicly declared his steady belief in the doctrines he had learned from his mother and the priests, and his firm determination to suffer death sooner than deny his faith. The impious and cruel prefect tried every expedient to subdue his resoluton. He first endeavoured to gain him by flattering promises; but this not succeeding, he struck him in the face, and ordered him to be stripped and flogged. The admirable youth continued immovable. He declared they might kill him, but that he never would deny the faith which God had revealed, and which was to lead him to paradise. The tyrant then ordered his mother to be introduced, hoping that the melancholy spectacle of her beloved son all weltering in his blood, might engage her to use her interest and authority to make him bend. But though the spectators, melted at the sight, could not suppress their tears, the virtuous matron, feeling the superior powers of grace over nature, with dry eyes and cheerful countenance, beheld unmoved her suffering son dying in so glorious a cause. He only requested of her a little cold water to mitigate his parching thirst. She replied: "Have patience, my son, have patience; with your other sufferings, submit patiently to your thirst. The Lord will in a short time give you to drink at the fountain head in his heavenly paradise; of which waters he who drinketh, shall never more thirst for eternity." The youth bowing with submission, soon after expired. Then the mother, exulting in his triumph, took the mangled corpse of her martyred child into her arms; she kissed his honourable wounds, and exclaimed: "*Precious in the sight of God is the death of his saints!*" leaving an example to all parents, how they are to nurture their tender offspring in the love and fear of God, how to ground them in the truths of their holy religion.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

And I will tread the virtuous peaceful paths
Of her who trod the subtile serpent's head,
And wears the silverie orescent on her own.

O Virgin Mother of our gracious Lord,
Thou at whose shrine all kings, all nations bend;
Mother of Mercies! who thine aid dost lend
To lips who hail thee with the heart's accord;
Solace of sinners, Loadstar ever nigh,
Whose saintlie feet the serpent sin have crushed;
How much I love, when all rude winds are hushed,
And silverie moonbeams light the motlie skie,
Beneath high heaven's blue vaulted canopy,
In hallowed stillness to invoke thy aid,
And feel my cares released, my sorrows fly;
For but to hail thee once, O Spotless Maid,
Seems a bright ray of Hope in realms on high,
Where pain dissolves in joys that never fade.

Carbonate of Soda in the Preparation of Coffee.—M. Pleischel states from experience, that the infusion of roasted coffee acquires a far superior taste, and is rendered more concentrated, consequently that a much larger amount of beverage can be prepared from the same quantity of coffee, by adding to the boiling water, just before pouring it over the coffee, 1 gr. of crystallized carbonate of soda for every cup, or 2½ grs. for every half-ounce of coffee.

Church Porches.—Porches were originally constructed with a view to the partial performance of the rights of marriage and baptism, both being commenced "*ante ostium Ecclesiæ*," and concluded in the church.

SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 4.

The late festival of the Conception of our Blessed Lady, was an occasion of unusual interest to the people of Munich, on account of the consecration, and opening for divine worship, of the new parish church of St. Louis, which then occurred. This church is situated in the noble street of the same name; and is esteemed one of the finest monuments of art which the city boasts. It has been completed upwards of a year, but owing to various unforeseen obstructions, remained closed till the occasion in question. Sunday, the 8th September, proved one of the brightest and balmiest days experienced during the present season, which has been chiefly remarkable for constant and heavy rain, so that it is considered that summer has hardly visited these parts at all. At an early hour the Ludwigstrasze, the finest in Munich for the profusion of its architectural splendour, and for its spaciousness and extent, was thronged by streams of people from all quarters of the city, and from the surrounding country, who shortly covered in dense masses the spaces in front of the Church, and those commanding a near view of it. A sufficient portion of ground, however, was kept clear by the military drawn up under arms, in order that the archbishop and other dignitaries concerned in the ceremonies, might approach without obstruction. The arrival of his grace in full state took place about nine o'clock, when the offices of consecration commenced. These were performed with closed doors, and lasted till noon, when the Church was opened to the impatient crowds without, who speedily filled to excess its gorgeous interior, while high Mass was being sung. The ceremonial and music throughout, as may be imagined, were of the most striking description. But the Temple itself was the great object of curiosity and admiration. It has been in process of construction since August 1829, when its first stone was laid by his present majesty king Louis. The style of its architecture is the Romanesque, also called Byzantine, a mixture of Gothic and Roman with round arches, from designs of Professor Gartner, a celebrated local architect. This style is very much in vogue at Munich, and certainly appears well suited for the fresco painting, whose revival has rendered the city so celebrated, and where alone it can be seen as yet in proper perfection. St. Louis's Church is cruciform in shape, and built of a fine limestone procured in the neighbourhood, and possessing a nature which gives it the appearance of marble. Its front runs along a width of 150 feet, and comprises a middle door and two smaller side ones, approached by a noble flight of steps leading on to a pillared portico, at an elevation of five feet above the street. Flanking either side, two pyramid crowned towers rise to the height of 220 feet. Over the porch, in niches, are statues of our Lord and the four evangelists, by the famous sculptor Schwanthaler. These are surmounted by a noble circular window of elaborate design, while two colossal figures of Saints Peter and Paul, also by Schwanthaler, crown the side angles of the gable, whose centre one displays a superb cross. The entire roof of the edifice is composed of various coloured tiles, designed in beautiful mosaic work. On each side, connected with the towers by covered arcades, is a handsome dwelling-house, one of which is occupied by the parish priest, and the other is the residence of the architect. The interior of this splendid church contains some of the finest achievements of modern catholic art. Its length is 250 feet by 56 wide. It comprises a nave and aisles parted by columns, most gorgeously painted in mosaic patterns of various colours and gold. But the eye of the spectator on his entrance, is at once riveted to the high altar, over which, covering an arched space of 63 feet by 39, is displayed the famous fresco of the Last Judgment, from the pencil of Cornelius. This performance is considered the master-piece of that great artist for its designs, though the colouring is thought not to be quite so happily toned as some other great works from the same hand. But this is a mere secondary consideration, which could not occur to a mind capable of appreciating the sublime conceptions and powerful drawing of the piece. Enthroned on clouds, amid the company of the saints, Christ appears, arrayed in a white robe, with his right arm and breast as far as the wound in the side exposed; on his right hand bends our Blessed Lady in an attitude of adoring intercession, and on his left, St. John the Baptist holding the cross of the Lamb which takes away the sins of the world. Above this superior group hovers a choir of angels with the instruments of the passion, and waving the napkin of St. Veronica in their hands. At some distance around our Redeemer are seen, on his left, the prophets, patriarchs, and holy kings of the Old Testament; and on his right, the saints of the New Testament, with the apostles Peter, Paul, James, and John. Immediately under these, in the centre of the picture, the angel of the Apocalypse displays the Book of Life opened before him, and at his feet four other angels with trumpets summon the nations to judgment. Lower still, stands the archangel Michael, habited in Roman panoply, bearing a shield, and extending his sword as the minister of omnipotent justice. On his right hand and on his left the saved and the damned, whose lot he is directing, are represented in the most striking style. The blessed present glorified forms ascending and floating aloft in every graceful attitude and variety of grouping, intermingled with angels, who are seen crowing them with garlands of ethereal flowers. It is impossible to describe the exquisite ideal happiness and joy beaming from these faces of the just, which seem to effuse glory. They abound in the picture, under every guise of age and vocation; just bursting from the sleep of the grave to the dawn of everlasting light, and dissolving away amid the excess of radiance at the portal of heaven. On the left side the state of the damned shows a fearful contrast. Horrible fiends, with atrocious exultation, thrust to the precipice of hell the wicked of every class. Here is seen a group of cold-hearted rich striving vainly with devils, who goad them along with flaming swords. Yonder is a miserable tyrant, on whose bloody brow fiends are pressing a red-hot crown; the agonized distortion of his features cannot be conveyed. Another dreadful spectacle is presented by an adultress, who clutches wildly her seducer by the hair, as though resolved he shall not escape sharing her perdition; but in the mean time a ferocious demon, whom she vainly repels, clasps her round the waist and secures her, while another binds the wretched sinners together with serpents, in order thus to hurl them into hell. In another part a lost soul, a woman, seems to have partially escaped from the left side and the grasp of a fiend who pursues her, and to have reached the neighbourhood of the just; but her farther progress is stopped by an angel of justice, at whose feet she is prostrate, embracing his knees and regarding him with the last anguish of supplication. The serene countenance of the spirit bends over her replete with benevolence and the deepest pity, as though in truth his heart yearned to save her; but, alas! his sword points back to the dreadful left, whither it is his melancholy province to see her return. The pursuing demon cowers a little behind, as if confused by the radiance of the heavenly minister, but nevertheless stretches forth his arms with hor-

rible impatience and hideous delight expressed on his features. This group is esteemed one of the most affecting in the whole performance. Among other awful images, shrouded forms are represented just emerging from their graves; dreadful is the fright depicted in their ghastly aspects, and they seem as if shrinking back again to the bowels of the earth, but in vain. Presiding over these scenes of terror Lucifer is conspicuously designed, enthroned at the gates of his infernal kingdom. His person is half enveloped by a fiery-tinted mantle, and a lurid glory irradiates his horned head, which is crowned by a diadem of sharp prongs. An enormous serpent entwines his limbs nine times with its folds. The sceptre which he wields is a double-headed axe—the instrument of eternal torture. Trampled beneath him lies Judas Iscariot with the cord about his neck, and the money bag still grasped in his hand, who thus forms the footstool of Satan—a significant and terrible idea. Such is the imposing horror of the appearance of the Prince of Darkness in this great work! A strange scene occupies his immediate attention. A venal courtezan seeks to conciliate his favourable regards, and plies her seducing arts at the foot of his throne, apparently possessed by an infatuation to acquire that ascendancy in hell which she held on earth; but the grim monarch is impervious to her object, which he seems not to comprehend, but hands her over to his infernal agents to be cast into the abyss. These are a few of the more prominent of those wonderful conceptions of this great master-piece of modern painting which catch the eye at a first glance. But a variety of others, equally striking from their awful or elevating character, enrich the picture, but require much study to discriminate and comprehend. Besides this famous Last Judgment, other frescos by Cornelius and his scholars cover the roof and walls of the Church. They are chiefly contained in the transepts, and that portion of the nave on a line with them. These magnificent frescos have for their subjects, the creation of the world, and allegorical pieces illustrative of the christian dispensation, the catholic church and its blessed institutions. They occupy the compartments formed by the groined roof, and are not open to the criticism respecting their colouring which I have mentioned as applied to the Last Judgment. It is needless to add that they are replete with the most elevated genius. Two splendid frescos also decorate the walls over the altars of the transepts. In that on the epistle side of the high altar is the crucifixion of our Lord, a performance of the most striking description. The figure of our Blessed Lady in this piece, who stands near the cross in the depth of sorrow, is considered one of the most effective efforts in the entire church. Under the guise of a hideous fiend, the devil is seen mounted on the cross of the bad thief, in whose ear he seems whispering; while over the cross of the good thief an angel bends, administering heavenly comfort. The altar-piece of the opposite transept represents the birth of Christ, and the worship of the Magi. Many isolated figures of saints are dispersed in proper places, together with other subordinate designs, so that the whole has a complete and full effect. Without the transepts the roof of the nave is painted of rich azure, powdered with gold stars, while the aisles display over head very gorgeous devices of gilding, also on a blue surface. This church contains nine altars, including the high altar. They are all of fine white marble, and are remarkable for their elegant simplicity of taste. The pulpit also is of the same material, supported on a cluster of six arches, surmounted by a rich canopy, the whole fancifully set off by carving and gilding. The beautiful baptistry in the right-hand aisle from the entrance, is an object of great admiration. It is lighted by an exquisitely stained window, and the walls and roof are quite unique for the rich fancy patterns which decorate them, and in which the Munich artists seem to possess an unequalled fertility and beauty of invention. The Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove looks down upon the marble font, while in each of the four angles of the walls an angel guardian is seen hovering. Above the arches leading from the aisles to the transepts are painted saints, Louis of France and St. Teresa, the patrons of their Bavarian majesties, who bear their names. They are considered very fine performances. With the exception of a portion of the nave where two rows of free benches are set, the whole area of the church is open, with here and there an odd form placed near some image or confessional. The entire pavement is of marble in various shapes and devices. The towers of the church contain a complement of six fine-toned bells, named after their majesties and the royal princes. In one tower are two large bells, called respectively Saint Louis and Saint Teresa. In the other tower four more are called Saints Maximilian, Otho, Luitpold, and Adalbert, which are the names of the above-mentioned princes. The opening of St. Louis has been a great boon to the quarter of Munich wherein it stands, which is a long way removed from the other churches, and is very populous and increasing. On the following Sunday, the new parish priest was duly installed into office, which was an interesting ceremony. It should also not be forgotten, that on the day of consecration, several distinguished converts from Lutheranism made their public recantation of heresy, and profession of Catholic truth, before a crowded congregation. This occurrence took place in the afternoon, at the high altar.

Before concluding this paper, I may just allude to a very impressive service of thanksgiving for the harvest gathering, which was performed on the first Sunday of the present month of September, and consisted mainly of a procession through the streets, and subsequent high mass at the cathedral. On this occasion the silver statue of St. Bruno the patron of Munich was solemnly carried on the shoulders of priests, attended by the Dean and Canons in copes, Franciscan friars, Sisters of Charity, and other confraternities religious and secular. But the most pleasing feature was an array of young girls in white frocks and blue ribbons, with garlands on their heads, and each one carrying in her hand a basket of fresh fruit, or bunches of corn ears. During the mass they lined each side of the nave to the altar steps, while the rest of the procession moved on between them, and their effect was strikingly beautiful.

Sep. 22. X. Y.

Danger of over-exercising the Imagination.—If I were an instructress, I would endeavour, above all things, to preserve my young pupils from whatever might too early excite and heat the imagination. I would endeavour, in every way, to hinder them from seeking to adorn life with flowers which it did not possess, so that they may gather in their proper season the few which are really to be found. On this account, my young friends should early endeavour to exercise their youthful powers on whatever of good, of useful, lies near and within there sphere; as they grow older they must labour, and with more earnestness and assiduity never dream over life, but always use, and at the same time enjoy it. Many grown people resemble the child who could not get the moon; there are many persons who have early begun to seek their happiness in the clouds.—*The Solitary One, by Frederika Bremer.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LUTHER AND OTHERS, DISPLAYING LUTHER'S MIND.

No sensible Catholic denies but that at the time of the change of religion in this country no less than at the present time, a great improvement in the morals of the people was needed; but that Luther was the agent of God appointed to effect the change, or that the means he used, of breaking up unity of belief, proceeded from God, we may surely and reasonably deny, when we find in his own works, and in those of his immediate friends or supporters, passages like the following. Some of these passages we should hardly quote, were they not necessary to set the spirit of this man in a light beyond dispute. We hardly wonder at an opinion which we have been told has spread of late years among his followers, that at times Luther was clearly insane. We have before remarked, that the phrenologists of Germany (and we refer to this without wishing to give in the smallest degree weight to their science), who profess to have examined either his head or bust, have promulgated the same opinion respecting his insanity.

Nearly all the passages here selected for the reader, are taken out of that edition of his works printed at Wittenburg, the first volume in the year 1512, the second in 1562, the third in 1583, the fourth in 1574, the fifth in 1554, the sixth in 1580, the seventh in 1558; the other passages may be seen in the Amicable Discussion by the archbishop of Strasburgh.

"I, Martin Luther, by the grace of God, Ecclesiastes in Wittenburg, to the Popish bishops grace and peace. This title I now assume with the utmost contempt of you and Satan; that you may not plead ignorance. And should I style myself an evangelist by the grace of God, I could sooner prove my claim to this title, than any of you to that of bishop. For I am certain that Christ himself calls me so, and looks upon me as an Ecclesiastes. He is the master of my doctrine. Neither doubt I, but in the great day of accounts he will be my witness, that this doctrine is not mine, but the doctrine of God, of the spirit of the Lord, and of the pure and sincere gospel.—So that should you kill me, ye bloodsuckers, yet you will never extinguish either me, or my name, or my doctrine, unless Christ be not living.—Since now I am certain that I teach the word of God, it is not fit I should want a title for the recommending of this word and work of the ministry, to which I am called by God; which I have not received of men, nor by men, but by the gift of God, and the revelation of Jesus Christ.—And now I declare before-hand, that for the time to come, I will not honour you so far, as to condescend to submit myself or my doctrine to your judgment, or to that of an angel from heaven." *Tom.* 2. *fol.* 305. 2.

[Here we have a piece of insolence and arrogance hardly to be paralleled, carried to a degree of frensy and madness. We see here a miserable being flying in the face of superiors, trampling upon authority, and even assuming to himself that infallibility, which he would not allow to the Church of Christ!]

"I was mighty desirous, to understand Paul in his epistle to the Romans; but was hitherto deterred, not by any faintheartedness, but by one single expression in the first chapter, viz. therein is the righteousness of God revealed. For I hated that word, *the righteousness of God;* because I had been taught to understand it of that formal and active righteousness, by which God is righteous, and punishes sinners and the unrighteous. Now knowing myself, though I lived a monk of an irreproachable life, to be in the sight of God a sinner, and of a most unquiet conscience, not having any hopes to appease him with my own satisfaction, I did not love, nay, I hated this righteous God, who punishes sinners; and with heavy muttering, if not with silent blasphemy, I was angry with God, and said: as if it were not enough for miserable sinners, who were lost to all eternity by original sin, to suffer all manner of calamity by the law of the decalogue, unless God by the gospel adds sorrow to sorrow, and even by the gospel threatens us with his righteousness and anger. Thus did I rage with a fretted and disordered conscience."

[Blessed God! What a disposition is here to prepare a man for the ministry of the gospel, the preaching of the pure word of God, and the reformation of Christ's Church! What strange marks are these of an extraordinary call! A man raging with a fretted and disordered conscience; angry with God, murmuring against him, nay, hating, and silently blaspheming his justice for punishing sinners!]

Again, *Tom.* 7. *fol.* 274. "I was the first to whom God vouchsafed to reveal the things which have been preached to you; and certain I am, that you have the pure word of God."

[Now, if Martin Luther was the first, to whom God vouchsafed to reveal the things which he preached, it follows that the apostles never knew nor preached his doctrine.]

"Gently, my dear little Paul,* have a care, my ass, of stumbling. Have a care, my Pope-ass. Go no farther, my dear little ass, lest thou should fall and break a leg. For there has been this year so little wind abroad, that the ice is mighty slippery. And if unhappily thou art falling, all the world would laugh at thee, and say, what the devil is the matter here!"

"Away, I say, you wicked, desperate rascals, and blockish asses——[speaking to the Pope and Cardinals] Why! can you imagine yourselves to be any better, than so many great blockish asses and fools? Truly, Pope, ass, a blockish ass thou art, and an ass thou wilt ever be."

Again, *fol.* 474. "Well! were I a master of the empire, I would order all those profligate rogues, the Pope, and Cardinals, and their families, to be fagotted up together, and carried to Ostia, three miles from Rome, where there is a puddle, called by the Latins, the Tyrrhean sea. It is a bath of wonderful virtue against all diseases and infirmities of the Papal sanctity. In this bath I would gently dip them; and if they stayed there but half an hour, I would engage my word, nay my Lord Christ's too, they should be cured of all their distempers."

[Are not these two master-pieces of offensive raillery? Are these like the words of an Ecclesiastes, or a man inspired? viz. desperate rascals, great, blockish, simple asses, profligate rogues, &c. Can the reader be delighted or edified with such raillery!]

Tom. 7. *fol.* 451. 2. "The Pope, and his Cardinals, are a company of desperate, profligate rogues and rascals, traitors, liars, and the very sink of the wickedest men living.—They are full of the worst of devils that are to be found in hell: full, full I say; and so full, that they do nothing but spit, and blow devils through their nostrils."

"To be sure Luther must be frightened, when the king (Henry VIII.) in this book spends so much of Thomistical spittle in lies and prating.....I speak to a lying scoundrel.....If the fool of a king can so forget his royal majesty, why should it not become me to thrust back his lies into his own throat?"

Fol. 340. 1. "This Thomistical tub! This blockhead! Thou liest, thou sacrilegious and foolish king."

Fol. 341. 1. "Thus does this raving king sputter."

* He is writing to the chief bishop of the Church.

Fol. 341. 1. "This immoveable blockhead."

[All this is plain English, and needs no comment. But we may safely say, this sort of language never descended from the fiery tongues in the *Acts;* but comes rather from the tongue St. James speaks of: yet to this tongue the reformation principally owes its birth and being!]

"Man's will is in the nature of a horse. If God sits upon it, it tends and goes as God would have it go.....If the devil rides it, it tends and goes as the Devil would have it. Nor can it choose which of the riders it will run to or seek. But the riders themselves strive who shall gain and possess it." *De Ser. Arb. tom. fol.* 334. 2.

[This doctrine paves the way to, and is an apology for any wickedness whatsoever.]

"A person," says he, "that is baptised, cannot, though he would, lose his salvation by any sins, how grievous soever, unless he refuses to believe. For no sins can damn him but unbelief alone." *Cap. Bab. tom.* 2. *fol.* 74. 1.

"The Papists teach, that faith in Christ justifies indeed, but that God's commandments are likewise to be kept. Now this is directly to deny Christ, and abolish faith." *In. Ep. ad Gal. tom.* 5. *fol.* 311. 2.

A man must be very wicked indeed to turn Papist, since they teach that God's commandments are to be kept. What follows is admirable.

"Let this be your rule: Where the scripture commands the doing a good work, understand it in this sense, that it forbids thee to do a good work, because thou canst not do it." *Tom.* 3. *fol.* 171. 2.

[This certainly is a most golden rule, to interpret the scriptures backwards.]

Epist. ad Amicos Argent. tom. 7. *fol.* 502. 1. "If Carlostadius, or any man else, could five years ago have convinced me, that in the sacrament there is nothing but bread and wine, he had wonderfully obliged me. For with great anxiety did I examine this point, and labour with all my force to get clear of the difficulty;" [Mark well the reason why he took so much pains] "because by this means I knew very well I should terribly incommode the Papacy.—But I find I am catched without hopes of escaping. For the text of the gospel is so clear and strong, that it will not easily admit of a misconstruction."

[Sad man! what a hardship was it upon him that he should be forced to own the truth, when he had so good an inclination to deny it! But why did he not spell the gospel backwards, according to his own rule, and declare that these words of Christ, "This is my Body, This is my Blood," signify the same as, "this is not my Body, this is not my Blood;" for this would have done his business with the greatest ease imaginable.]

Adversus Execrab. Anti Bullam. tom. 2. *fol.* 109. 1. "Whereas I said that some of John Huss's articles were evangelical; this I retract. And now I say, not that some, but all, John Huss's articles were condemned at Constance by Antichrist and his apostles, in that synagogue of Satan. And I tell thee plainly to thy face, most holy vicar of God, that all the condemned propositions of John Huss are evangelical and Christian, and that all thine are wholly impious and diabolical.—Therefore, as to the condemned articles of John Huss, I maintain them all, and am ready by the grace of God to defend them."

[Observe: that one of John Huss's evangelical articles, which he had learned of his master, Wycliff, was this, viz. That the committing a mortal sin, made kings and bishops forfeit their power and character. Which doctrine introduces anarchy both in Church and state.]

1. "To the best of my judgment, there is neither emperor, nor king, nor devil, to whom I would yield; no, I would not yield even to the whole world."*

2. "I burn with a thousand flames in my unsubdued flesh; * * * * * * I, who ought to be fervent in spirit, am only fervent in impurity."†

3. "While a Catholic, he says, he passed his life in austerities, in watching, in fasts and praying, in poverty, chastity, and obedience."‡ When once reformed, that is to say, another man, he says, that—"he can no longer forego the indulgence of the vilest natural propensities."§

4. His timid companion acknowledges that he had received blows from him, *ab ipso colaphos accepi.*‖

5. "He was so well aware of his immorality, as we are informed by his favourite disciple, that he wished they would remove him from the office of preaching."¶

6. "I tremble, (wrote he to the same friend,) when I think of the passions of Luther; they yield not in violence to the passions of Hercules."**

7. "This man, (said one of his contemporary reformers), is absolutely mad. He never ceases to combat truth against all justice, even against the cry of his own conscience."††

8. "He is puffed up with pride and arrogance, and seduced by Satan."‡‡

9. "Yes; the devil has made himself master of Luther, to such a degree, as to make one believe he wishes to gain entire possession of him."§§

"I wonder more, O Luther (wrote Henry VIII. to him), that thou art not, in good earnest, ashamed, and that thou darest to lift up thine eyes either before God or man, seeing that thou hast been so light and so inconstant as to allow thyself to be transported by the instigation of the devil to thy foolish concupiscences. Thou, a brother of the order of St. Augustine, hast been the first to abuse a consecrated nun; which sin would have been, in times past, so rigorously punished. But so far art thou from correcting thy fault, that moreover, shameful to say, thou hast taken her publicly to wife, having contracted with her an incestuous marriage, and abused the poor and miserable.....to the great scandal of the world, the reproach and opprobrium of thy country, the contempt of holy matrimony, and the great dishonour and injury of the vows made to God. Finally, what is still more detestable, instead of being cast down and overwhelmed with grief and confusion, as thou oughtest to be, at thy incestuous marriage, O miserable wretch! thou makest a boast of it; and instead of asking forgiveness for thy unfortunate crime, thou dost incite all debauched religious, by thy letters and thy writings, to do the same."‖‖

"God, to punish that pride of Luther, which is discoverable in all his works, (says one of the first sacramentarians,) withdrew his spirit from him, abandoning him to the spirit of error and of lying, which will always possess those who have followed his opinions, until they leave them."¶¶

"Luther treats us as an execrable and condemned sect, but let him take care lest he condemn himself as an arch-heretic, from the sole fact, that he will not and cannot associate himself with those who confess Christ. But how strangely does this fellow let himself be carried away by his devils! How disgusting is his language, and how full are his words of the devils of hell! He says that the devil dwells now and for ever in the

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* Idem. *Resp. ad Maled. Reg. Aug.*
† Luth. Entret de Table.
‡ Tom. v. In cap. I. ad Galat. v. 14.
§ Ibid *Serm. de Matrim.* fol. 119.
‖ Mel. Letters to Theodore.
¶ Sleid. Book II. An. 1520.
** Mel. Letters to Theodore.
†† Hospinian.
‡‡ Œcolampadius.
§§ Zuinglius.
‖‖ In Horim. p. 229.
¶¶ Conrad. Reis. *Upon the Lord's Supper*, B. 2.

bodies of the Zuinglians; that blasphemies exhale from their insatanised, supersatanised, and persatanised breasts; that their tongues are nothing but lying tongues, moved at the will of Satan, infused, perfused, and transfused with his infernal poison! Did ever any one hear such language come out of an enraged demon?"*

"He wrote all his works by the impulse and the dictation of the devil, with whom he had dealing, and who in the struggle seemed to have thrown him by victorious arguments."†

"It is not an uncommon thing, (said Zuinglius,) to find Luther contradicting himself from one page to another.....‡; and to see him in the midst of his followers, you would believe him to be possessed by a phalanx of devils."§

Erasmus, the most learned man of his age, he who was been called the pride of Holland, the love and delight of Great Britain, and of almost every other nation,‖ wrote to Luther himself: "All good people lament and groan over the fatal schism with which thou shakest the world by thy arrogant, unbridled, and seditious spirit."¶

"Luther (says Erasmus again), begins to be no longer pleasing to his disciples, so much that they treat him as a heretic, and affirm that, being void of the spirit of the Gospel, he is delivered over to the deliriums of a worldly spirit."**

"In very truth Luther is extremely corrupt, (said Calvin;)†† would to God he had taken pains to put more restraint upon that intemperance which rages in every part of him! would to God he had been attentive to discover his vices."‡‡

Calvin says again, that "Luther had done nothing to any purpose.....that people ought not to let themselves be duped by following his steps and being half papist; that it is much better to build a church entirely afresh....."§§ Sometimes, it is true, Calvin praised Luther so far as to call him "the restorer of Christianity."‖‖ He protested however against their honouring him with the name of Elias. His disciples afterwards made the same protestations. "Those (said they) who put Luther in the rank of the prophets, and constitute his writings the rule of the church, have deserved exceedingly ill of the church of Christ, and expose themselves and their churches to the ridicule and cutting reproaches of their adversaries."¶¶

"Thy school, (replied Calvin to Wesphal the Lutheran,) is nothing but a stinking pig-stye.....; dost thou hear me, thou dog? dost thou hear me, thou madman? dost thou hear me, thou huge beast?"

Carlostadius, while retired at Orlamund, had so far ingratiated himself with the inhabitants, that they must needs stone Luther, who had run over to rate him for his false opinions respecting the Eucharist. Luther tells us this in his letter to the inhabitants of Strasburgh: "These Christians attacked me with a shower of stones. This was their blessing: may a thousand devils take thee! mayest thou break thy neck before thou returnest home again."**

* The Church of Zurich *against the Confession of Luther*, p. 61. † Ibid.
‡ T. II. *Respons. ad Confess. Lutheri*, fol. 454. § Ibid. fol. 381.
‖ Preface to the London Edition, year 1642. ¶ Epistle to Luther, 1626.
** Epistle to Cardinal Sadolet, 1628. †† Cited by Conray Schlussemberg.
‡‡ *Theol. Cal.* L. II. fol. 126. §§ See Florim. ‖‖ Ibid. p. 887.
¶¶ *In Admon. de Lib. Concord*, ch. VI. ** Tom. II. fol. 447. Sen. Germ.

A Petrified Forest.—Mr. Kennedy, in his late work on Texas, says one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Texas, is a petrified forest, near the head of the Pasigono river. It consists of several hundred trees, in an erect position, turned to stone. Trees now growing are partially petrified.

BURKE ON THE GREAT IRISH REBELLION.

You mention, at the end of the roll of obnoxious tenets, which my friends were so indiscreet as to utter in your company, in former times, the Irish rebellion, by which I suppose you mean the great rebellion of 1641. I all along suspected that your lordship had mistaken *my* discourses with you, for those of *my friends*. This convinces me of it. William Burke, or my brother, most certainly never have spoken to you on the subject. They know little or nothing of the Irish history. They have never thought on it at all. I have studied it with more care than is common. I have spoken to you on the subject, I dare say, twenty times. This mustard-bowl is *my* thunder. "*Me—Me—adsum qui feci: nihil ille nec ausus nec potuit.*" Indeed, I *have* my opinion on that part of history, which I have often delivered to you—to every one I have conversed with on the subject, and which I mean still to deliver, whenever the occasion calls for it: which is—that the Irish rebellion of 1641 was not only (as our silly things, called "histories," call it), not utterly *unprovoked*, but that no history I have ever read, furnishes an instance of any that was so *provoked*; and that, in almost all parts of it, it has been extremely and most absurdly misrepresented.—*Burke's Correspondence.*

CONGREVE ROCKETS.

One of the most formidable engines of destruction which any vessel, particularly a steamer, can make use of, is the Congreve Rocket, a most terrible weapon when judiciously applied, especially where there are combustible materials to act upon. The very first rocket fired from the *Nemesis* was seen to enter the large junk against which it was directed, near that of the admiral, and almost the instant afterwards it blew up with a terrific explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the broken fragments falling around, and even portions of dissevered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it.—*Voyage of the Nemesis.*

THE TRUE SPRING OF HAPPINESS.

The years, which I used to find so long, fly by me now as swiftly as swallows. This is because the days no longer seem heavy to me, because no hour of the day passes by me, which does not bring me some happy, some elevating feeling. This hourly, this my most excellent consolation, I have found in prayer, in a constant remembrance of the presence of the highest Being. I move and act steadily under a Father's eye; and, as I feel that I live, so I feel I know that his eye follows me, that his spirit is near me, encircling me with peace, and infusing into me joy and gladness, which can indeed be felt, but which cannot be expressed. I regarded myself formerly, on account of my position, as wholly useless in the world. Experience, and to me a dearly-bought experience, has taught me, that, if we only work faithfully and carefully in the small sphere which belongs to us, we work and labour according to the divine order, the foundation of every thing good; and, sooner or later, pleasant consequences for ourselves will be the result.—*The Solitary One, by Frederika Bremer.*

THE FISHERMAN OF FORT ROUGE;

OR, THE

CONSEQUENCES OF IDLENESS AND DRUNKENNESS.

BY MRS. GORE.

From the "Forget me not," for 1842, published by Ackermann and Co., London.

Every mechanical calling exercises a powerful moral influence over its followers. Those who go down to the sea in ships, above all, those whose prosperity is dependent on the stirring chances of wind and tide, are apt to be impetuous, wilful, and wayward, as the elements wherewith they have to struggle. Even when soft of heart, the sailor is hard of hand. He has no leisure for the expansion of those milder gradations of feeling which form the common bond between man and mankind. His vocation opposes a perpetual barrier to communion with his fellow-creatures. He loves few, and loves them ardently; and his animosities are equally circumscribed, and of equal intensity. He carries with him to the great deep affections cherished with superstitious devotion; or some cause of deep offence, over which he broods in the desolation of that vast loneliness, till it seems to amplify and fill the mighty solitude around.

In almost all fishing-towns, more especially those of the continent, there is a land population and a sea population scrupulously distinct. In the French ports of the Channel, such as Calais and Dieppe, the fishermen have their quarter, their *patois*, their costume, their characteristic sports and dances, to which they adhere with all the prejudice of caste; standing apart from their fellow-townsmen, from whom they are divided only by a street or a brook, as tenaciously as Jew from Christian, or Mussulman from Hindoo. And thus, their peculiarities of nature become hereditary. Even in early childhood, the fisherman's boy is as complete a miniature of the fisherman, as the young shrimp of the old one.

During the summer season, when the Calaisians and mariners of the Pollet (the fishing suburb of Dieppe) frequent, on Sundays and holidays, the same public gardens or dancing-booths as their fellow-citizens, the *matelot*, in his canvas trowsers and capacious boots, is never seen to give his arm to the tripping *grisette;* nor would the hard-featured *matelotte*, whose complexion vies with the glaring red of her short linseywoolsey petticoat of unnumbered breadths, deign to bestow a moment's attention on the smartest mercer of the market-place, or the richest grazier of the neighbouring marshes. Their hoarse, harsh voices, their rugged faces, their recklessness tempered by the piety predominant in simple minds engaged in a perilous course of life, seem to adapt them inextricably for each other.

It is an interesting sight to observe the fishermen's families in Catholic countries crowding the jetty or shore, when the turn of the tide is about to bring in the little fleet. In stormy weather, they are sure to be found in groups at the foot of the Calvary, with uplifted hands, sometimes with streaming eyes, awaiting the issue of the tempest; and striving, by the sacrifice of their means, to propitiate the Disposer of the storm. But when the lightsome waves are rippling under a summer sky, and all is serene and promising, the fisherwomen and their amphibious progeny station themselves on the stones of the pier, or on their upturned empty baskets, speculating, in the least harmonious of voices accustomed to outscream the wintry wind, and predominate over the roaring of the surge, upon the chances of the day; disposing beforehand of imaginary turbots and foreseeing draughts of mackarel all but miraculous.

A few years ago, the saunterers upon the sands, or rather shingles, of Calais were often struck by a group, differing from the noisy throng watching the return of the fishing-boats, in so far that they were stationary, even when wind and tide were set against the arrival of the boats. Whether the smacks were far out of sight, or at anchor within range of shore, either in the still moonlight or the equally silvery tranquillity of an early summer morning, there they loitered, almost under the shadow of Fort Rouge—a man, a woman, and occasionally a young girl, stretched at lazy length among the fragments of broken vessels, old capstans, splintered masts, bulkheads, and spars, abounding on the spot.

Yet there was nothing prosperous in their appearance to account for this undue luxury of leisure. Their garments were worn, their countenances wasted and sorrowful. Even the girl, though her naked feet had not lost the elastic tread of youth upon the sand, used to look wistfully back upon her parents as she bore along her mother's shrimping-net and basket, as if trying to beguile the poor woman into some wiser occupation than sitting with folded hands watching the vacant looks or unquiet gestures of her husband.

But she was not to be persuaded away, even by the guileless arts of the poor child. Francoise knew that her place was *there;* that the thriftlessness which made her meals so spare and her pallet so hard, was a bounden duty. She was accomplishing woman's mission upon earth—the task of consolation!

The man was her husband. But though often from sunrise to nightfall not a word of kindness broke from his parched lips to cheer the dreariness of her life, his silent moroseness was no offence. He was mad—heart-broken—dying; and she fancied that his madness and misery were her work!

Three years before Pierre Romeny and his wife were a happy, thriving couple. No brighter scarlet skirts, no richer cross of gold or pendent earrings, no wider Valenciennes frilling disposed in plaits upon the bronzed neck, appeared on fete days at early mass, or, on Sunday afternoons, on the jetty of Calais, than those of Francoise, paraded on the arm of her stout helpmate, and marshalling before her a little Francoise and little Pierre, as hearty and happy as themselves. The boy, more especially, was one of those sunny-faced creatures upon whom the eye of the stranger delights to dwell. Many an English family, disembarking on the pier of Calais, used to fling their first franc to the bright-eyed sailor-boy, whose gladsome countenance seemed like a favourable omen for their tour. All their little gains, as well as the earnings of his calling, were deposited with his parents. Good, dutious, thankful, the child had no existence save in them; adoring his mother, and obeying his father, as tenderly as they loved him in return. The little warm-hearted fellow appeared to be the bond uniting in steadfast harmony the thriving household of the Romenys.

One autumn, however, a series of stormy, equinoctial weather brought idleness, and, consequently, need and suffering, to the fishing population of the French coast, and, as if wantonly to aggravate the evils of the hour, Pierre Romeny seized upon the season of adversity to indulge in vices for which he never before evinced a propensity. To beguile his disappointments, he betook himself to drink and dominos, squandering at the dram-shop the means which had become doubly precious to his family. Remorse was now added to his miseries. He was ashamed to return home. He dreaded the reproaches of his prudent wife; he dreaded the uncomplaining depression of his hungry children; and, encouraged by the evil counsels of those who found their profit in his folly, again drank, again

gamed, again blasphemed, while the angry winds howled round the resort of intemperance, as if mocking or menacing the offender.

Again and again did poor Francoise present herself at the door, imploring him to return home. Her entreaties were met at first by sullen silence, at length with threats and imprecations; and when, in the despair of her soul, she ventured to despatch her beloved boy on the same errand, in the hope that his open honest countenance would work its way to the heart of the erring but not yet hardened man, Romeny, infuriated by drink and shame, seized the little fellow by the hair and dashed him furiously against the wall. On recovering from that stunning blow, young Pierre, pale and heart-broken, went his way out of the dram-shop without a word. His only care was to efface all trace of his sufferings before he reached the presence of his mother, to whom he uttered not a syllable of his father's ill-usage.

Romeny did not return home that night. Early next morning, Francoise hazarded another visit of remonstrance. She had to tell him that the Jeannette, of which he was part owner and master mariner, was preparing to leave the port; that there was a lull, that his comrades were all astir—that he must be at his post. But the dull eyes of the drunkard stared upon her as though he knew her not, proving that her words were spoken in vain. He spent that day as he had spent the preceding night, lying stupified under the wooden benches of the dram-shop.

For two preceding years the boy had formed part of the crew of the Jeannette. Carefully watched and instructed by his father, little Pierre was proverbial among his mates for his courage and activity; and already it was predicted by the old sailors that he would make as brave and expert a mariner as his father. Upon his mother's return from the dram-shop, as if apprized by her swollen eyelids how matters stood, he folded her a moment in his fond but rough embrace, whispering a fervent but rough entreaty that she would thenceforward look to *him* as the support of her future years. Then, with a hasty kiss to his little sister, the young sailor hurried down to the quay, where the Jeannette was preparing to lift her anchor, explained in a few incoherent words that his father's absence was occasioned by illness, and commenced with more than usual activity his duties of the day.

Pierre Romeny's place was instantly filled by an able mariner from among the numerous hands wanting work in weather so unpropitious; and the kind-hearted captain of the Jeannette, believing in the pretext of his indisposition, would fain have dispensed with the services of the boy, that he might attend upon his father. But little Pierre stood firm. Aware that his exertions were likely to become valuable to his mother, he refused to return home; and seemed to take pride in the idea of his first cruise, emancipated from the instructions of his father. Poor Francoise, who had followed him to the port, after watching the Jeannette pitch her way out of the harbour, knelt down with a heavy heart at the foot of the cross to implore a blessing upon the boy—her joy, her comfort. She dared not even to the ear of Heaven avow that he was her only comfort left on earth.

A severe chastisement awaited her maternal partiality. Towards afternoon, a heavy squall arose. By the time the lighthouse sent forth its warning brightness, the waves ran so high, and the darkness of the night was so terrible, that it surprised no one when the turn of the tide brought in only one of three fishing-smacks which had ventured out. The Jeannette was evidently unable to make the harbour!

All that night did Francoise Romeny pass upon the jetty, drenched to the skin, chilled to the very marrow of her bones, praying, raving, despairing. Morning came at last, and brought no comfort; for, by the grey lurid light of an equinoctial dawn, she saw the wreck of the Jeannette stranded off Fort Rouge. It was not, however, till evening, that the body of the only individual missing among her crew was washed ashore. The clamorous rejoicings of the wives whose husbands had been spared, drowned the faint cry of the poor mother, when a dark object, entangled in sea-weed, was snatched by the wreckers from the waves, and deposited upon her knees.

"My boy, my murdered boy!" burst from the lips of the distracted woman (convinced that, had his father been at his post, the life of the lad would have been preserved like those of his young comrades)—"the punishment of God be upon the drunkard who sent thee forth to struggle with the storm, while indulging in vice and cowardly idleness on shore!"

In her distraction Francoise saw not that the unhappy father stood beside her, with his eyes fixed upon the livid body of the child—bewildered, desperate and destined from that awful moment to a species of sullen idiocy, the consequence of a shock received after the excitement of ardent spirits.

But for the tenderness of her surviving child, Francoise Romeny would probably have sunk under the pressure of this double affliction. Anxiety for the living served, however, to tranquillise the violence of her sorrow for the dead. She soon began to accuse herself as the origin of her husband's affliction, and devote herself heroically to its alleviation. Apprehensive that Pierre might be moved by some sudden impulse of remorse to an act of desperation, she resolved never to leave his side when he took up his daily station upon the spot where the poor boy's body was rescued from the waves. There they used to sit, those heart-broken parents, stricken with heavy affliction; their bread bitter, their souls despairing, till it came to be accounted a bad omen when the faces of the Romenys were the first objects that greeted a foreign traveller, or the last which the crew of a vessel noticed upon shore. The gulls seemed to flit over their heads, regarding them no more than the spars and timbers among which they loitered away the day, watching for the return of the Jeannette, which Pierre Romeny fondly persisted would one day bring back their living, breathing, promising, bright-faced boy—the loving boy whom he had smitten—the dutiful boy whom he had allowed to meet unprotected the perils of the midnight storm.

But they are watchers no longer. The repentant father is lying beside his victim in the cemetery of Calais; and Francoise the inmate of her daughter, now a happy wife and mother. It is some consolation to her grey hairs that, among the young ones crowding to her knees, there is a little blue-eyed Pierre in whose behalf her intercessions to Heaven are blended with many a faithful tribute to the memory of the dead!

Sparrows, Protectors to the Farmers.—The *Perseverant* of Limoges contains a curious calculation of the damages to farmers in France, which is annually caused by sparrows. It estimates the consumption of corn of each sparrow at one gallon; and, reckoning that there are ten milions of these birds in France, makes the total loss amount to more than nine millions of francs; but, on the other hand, it is supposed that the insects which they destroy would occasion a much greater loss if these birds were not in existence. As a proof of this, it is mentioned that in the Palatinate the government had ordered all the sparrows to be killed, offering a premium upon their heads; but the ravages caused by insects when the sparrows disappeared were so great, that premiums were offered for the importation of sparrows.—*Farmer's Magazine.*